

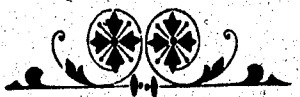
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WYOMING, OHIO.

DECEMBER, 1901  
VOL. I. No. 13

*"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending;  
the one who is, and the one who was, and the one who is coming  
the all powerful."*

*"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden  
manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a  
new name written."*



### BABY BLANCHE

Is it fancy or is it  
real—  
A living face or an  
ideal?

x

'Tis an outline dimly  
sketched,  
On the background of  
the past.  
Day by day it has been  
etched,  
Till it stands out clear  
at last.

x

Baby Blanche the angels  
named it,  
And I caught the thought and  
framed it.

\* \* \*

"Don't be spooky," quoth she  
mocking,  
"As if I were some dreamland  
baby,  
Tell them — I hang up my  
stocking,  
Though I am a grown up  
lady!"



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

## URANIA

Urania, fair daughter of the sky,  
Sending thy rays from yonder realm on high,  
Aeons ago with splendor thou didst shine,  
But blind humanity saw not the sign,  
Nor felt thy tremulous vibrations roll  
As psychic waves within the quivering soul.

None but the seers and singers e'er perceived,  
And only the lovers of men believed  
In the thoughts that awakened within the breast,  
Raising them high over all of the rest.  
And that which so long man felt as a glimmering  
Today he beholds in thy far-off shimmering.

Move on in thy orbit, majestic One,  
Transmuting the light of the central sun.  
But strengthen and rivet thy bond with earth,  
Unfolding the mystery of that strange birth  
Where consciousness opens to holier communion  
And soul seeks its soul in eternal union.

Art and invention receive stimulation,  
The poet and painter divine new creation.  
From savagery into civilization  
The whole world emerges, one marvelous nation.  
Space is no more, and Time's no duration,  
To the Goddess, Urania, all adoration.

x

URANIA is the ancient name of the Heavenly One, mythologically the daughter of Uranus and Light. In her celestial aspect she is regarded as presiding over astronomy, while terrestrially she is seen as the queen of Life and Beauty.

Uranus, the masculine personification of the light-producing power, was the oldest of the ancient divinities, and his name has been given to that wonderful planet which comes in as the ruler or fundamental of the new octave of experience inaugurated by the entrance of our solar system into the sign, Aquarius.

The finest account of this planet and its actual astrologic significance which I have seen is to be found in a recent work issued by Frank T. Allen in a pamphlet entitled "Astrology and Socialism."

This is a complete and succinct forecast of events for some years to come—a very masterly and inspired essay which I cannot recommend too highly. It may be obtained from the author at 25 St. Mark's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., for fifty cents.

I have chosen URANIA to represent the thirteenth Lunar Month for which in our present system there is no designation. The number Thirteen in the Hebrew system of enumeration is *Mem*, or Water, symbolizing Woman.

The coming era will be marked by the ascendancy of the Feminine Principle in human consciousness—a principle which cannot be better expressed than by the term Venus-Urania, the union of Love and Wisdom.

This, again, on the physical plane is Mercury, on the mental plane, Thought, and on the spiritual plane, Christ.

Alas, alas, that all men should possess the Master-soul, be one with the World-soul, and that possessing it, the Master-soul should so little avail them.—Golden Precepts.

## WHEN IS THE TIME?

Ere the rosy colors die,  
Ere the scented summers fly,  
Ere the years of youth on wings  
Fade with all delightful things,  
'Tis the time.

While the pearls are on the marge,  
While the moon of life is large,  
While the chime of Easter bells  
Of the vernal triumph tells,  
'Tis the time.

When the self to soul is turned,  
When the ways of love are learned,  
When with every virtue sweet  
Manliness and beauty meet,  
'Tis the time.

—"Three Songs" by Albert J. Edmunds.

Christmas.

A merry, merry Christmas.

Christ is born in Capricorn.

Capricorn is the home of Saturn.

This is the origin of the Saturnalia, a feast celebrated by the Romans, wherein, history tells us, they had a royal good time.

The Christian fathers had quite a wrangle to settle on the date of Christ's nativity. Many contended it to be April 21st, others May 20th, while the Eastern Christians insisted on January 6th as the correct date. The Western faction under Pope Julian, in A. D., 337, fixed it at December 25th, and finally the two sides compromised and got together by allowing that Jesus was born in December and baptized in January, and thus a very important matter was settled, and the church folks were on speaking terms again.

It was, indeed, lucky that some one of the old religious founders happened to possess a smattering of astrology from an observation of the stars, out in the sheep pasture, or we might still be all at sea regarding this most important question of Christ's exact nativity.

It is currently admitted in theological circles that the birth occurred three or four years before the Christian Era began, and there is still better evidence that the character who formed the central figure of the gospels lived some one hundred and fifty years before.

Certain it is the celebration of Christmas has nothing whatever to do with the commemoration of the birth of any being, divine, or human; but is derived from an observation of the winter solstice, which must have originated with the primeval nature and sun worshipers.

The feasts of all the ancient solar divinities, Bacchus, Ammon, Mithra, etc., were celebrated on this date.

Mithra, the Persian Sun-god, is supposed to be the mythological progenitor of Christ.



Be this as it may, the Catholics retain as a relic of Mithraism the custom of celebrating Christmas as "the day of the victorious Sun," chanting in their churches on Christmas morning the hymn, *Sol novis oritur*, a new Sun is born.

According to the Egyptians this is the time when the infant Horus is born of Osiris and Isis. He attains his majority in June, the time of the summer solstice. These two points, January and June, are the two "Saints John," still commemorated by the annual feasts of the Masonic fraternity. The first John is Janus, who is double-faced, typifying the two great principles of nature united; while the second John is Juno, the moon, June being the season when the feminine aspect of Janus is most prominently displayed.

The mass, as is well known, is one of the prominent services of the Catholic church. The word is from *masso*, to knead dough, an etymology very significant of the occult meaning of the service itself. The chief idea of a church mass is the offering to God of the Eucharist, or the bread and wine, symbolizing the body and blood of Jesus Christ.

Now, this is all right when you understand it, though I venture that even the Pope of Rome does not know what the service actually means. The Hebrew prophet surely knew when he said, "Corn shall make the young men merry and new wine the maids."

The returning Savior of mankind brings all nature bread and wine, the body and blood of the spirit, Sunshine, given to man, that it may become incorporated in his own body, and this symbol hides a deeper mystery still.

The real origin and explanation of the Eucharist is alchemical, and nothing could be more absurd and further from the real meaning than the literal practice of eating bread and drinking wine. And yet, like all other church symbols, it may thus preserve the record of hidden Truth until the time when men awake to its full realization.

But all this will not interfere with our having a pretty good time on Christmas, even if we do sit up for three regular midnight masses and partake of a number of copious eucharists.

RESOLUTION:—I am determined to start in this Christmas to have a real good time all the time. I have banished the thunder clouds, the hurricanes, the earthquakes, and all the pestilential vapors from my little Patmos Isle, and having received a great burst of pure, golden sunshine, I am going to cut it up in not too small chunks and send it around in testimony of my love for you.

J. Wm. Lloyd says: "There are two ways of being happy—To live your own life and to help others to live theirs. You will be partly happy if you do either, but completely happy if you do both."

(3) I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self contained;  
I stand and look at them long and long.  
They do not sweat and whine about their condition;  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;  
Not one is dissatisfied—not one demented with the mania of owning things;  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago;  
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

So they show their relations to me, and I accept them;

They bring me tokens of myself—they evince them plainly in their possession.

—Walt Whitman.

### FADS AND FOODS

THE trouble with almost all reform movement is that it is based upon the dogma of original sin and the assumption that the world is going rapidly to perdition in a given direction. The real truth of the matter is, every day of this world's history is a day of progress; and, paradoxical as it may appear, reformers are often reactionists, who, if they wholly succeeded in their schemes, would turn the clock back and relegate the world to the age of barbarism.

The evolutionary hypothesis has rather helped to deepen the reform-fallacy than otherwise by declaring man's direct descent from the lower animal kingdom, making it appear that his habits are mere modifications of those derived from a long-eared ancestry that ate wild grass, or like one Nebuchadnezzar, grew feathers; or from those more advanced types who dwelt among the branches, living on pineapples and cocoanuts—

All clad in simple hirsute robes,  
Fringed out by Nature's art,  
Adorned with sunshine, point d'esprit.

Perhaps you may gather from this peroration that I am opposed to reform. Not a bit of it, only in so far as it deforms. The greatest reform that men can make is to conform to nature, and to keep up with the band-wagon by performing an uninterrupted quickstep on the rock-ribbed road of eternal progress.

I am sorry that the New Thought has gone to singing hush-a-bye's to mummy kids that were embalmed under Egyptian skies over four thousand years ago, holding them up in the light of the twentieth century and dandling them as if they were original, new-born nurselings.

I was always a great reformer, myself. Every new thing caught me, and I tried it. I am glad I did.

In this way reformation has contributed to my evolution. Not to mention the thousand and one things I had previously weighed in the balance and found wanting, I will say that I became an ardent student and advocate of Christian Science in its very incipency.

Some years thereafter I chanced to listen to a very able exposition of the Vedantin philosophy by a celebrated Hindoo Swami, whereupon it suddenly dawned upon my mind that Christian Science was no New Thing whatever, for here was the very same thought, imbedded in the oldest of old religions.

This did not, by any means, diminish my respect for Mrs. Eddy's work *per se*, but it could not but have its influence in causing me subsequently to smile over the vehement squabble between the Eddyites and the Quimbyites for priority of patents.

There isn't a New Thing in the world, not even the straight front corset. Our great grandmothers had exactly the same idea in the press-board waist which in turn was suggested by the small plank on which the Indian mother straps her papoose.

Every old thing comes round and round, but at each successive round it has something added to it to differentiate it from its prototype.

The orbit of some of these fashions is very narrow, and they come back several times in a lifetime. Again, the deeper thought, like the distant planet, completes its revolution only after the lapse of ages; and hence it happens that a new generation is born viewing the rising of an old star and imagining it has discovered a new one.

A great many of my students and friends are clamoring to hear my opinion of Vegetarianism. Anon I have put them off with St. Paul's waive, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," but I see the time approaches when I must come forward and put myself on record.

I have hesitated to do this, because I dislike to wilfully trample on people's pets. I have had some practical experience already in disparaging certain impossible poodles and parrots, and even babies, whereby I suffered in sackcloth for my temerity.

But in the interest of digestion and longevity—my own pet hobbies—I am willing to risk personal obloquy in these few remarks that I shall append on the food question.

My friend, Mr. Robert Hichens, the novelist, writing in *The Queen* on the subject of "Stoking the Engine" has this to say: "A day or two ago I received several numbers of a magazine called by the seductive title *Life and Beauty*, with a request that I would write to the editor stating what diet I deemed best for the preservation of my 'intellectual and personal powers.' On glancing through the magazine I found that the Archbishop of Canter-

(4) bury, Miss Edna May, and others equally well known, had already communicated upon this terrible subject. The Archbishop finds the best rule for health is to avoid eating what he finds disagrees with him. Miss May declares that her only principle in life is to eat, drink, and if possible, do what she likes. Many more famous ones say—some that you ought to keep on drinking milk, others that you ought to eat meat perpetually, others again that you ought to live on vegetables and avoid 'cannibalism;' and Mr. Bernard Shaw draws an exquisite picture of the beasts of the field trooping to his funeral to do him honor. It is an interesting problem; this problem of how to stoke the engine. I have thought about it a great deal."

The writer goes on in this strain, getting excessively funny, and though his article is better than a box of digestive tablets, yet it can hardly be considered as seriously scientific.

The fact remains, however, that food selection is largely a matter of individual taste, and this in turn is governed pretty much by education and environment.

Thus, take the world over, we find a varied display of epicurianism ranging all the way from mushrooms to missionaries, and the eaters all doing splendidly.

People who have cultivated aesthetic notions about foods consider it quite shocking to devour a chicken that has fed upon worms and other objectionable menu; at the same time they forget how their delicate lettuce, asparagus, and in fact nearly all garden produce is grown from beds of barnyard compost.

The real fact is, the pure principle of life dwells everywhere, and it is Nature's business and Nature's art to absorb it from every possible source. The insects are ideal workers, and true naturalists. They find their food in seemingly impossible places and possess the art of extracting it and even making it palatable to man.

Does the food selection of man endow him with a superior physical organization? He has not the strength of the lion, the sight of the eagle, the hearing of the antelope, the smell of the dog, the touch of the chameleon, nor the discriminative taste of many animals. Not only are his senses blurred and dimmed, but he is the only animal normally sick.

All food in its raw and natural state may be said to be poison. That is to say, it must undergo alchemical transmutation before it can subserve the purposes of the vital economy. Thus we may be said to owe our lives to the kindness and skill of the cook which Nature provides in our kitchen.

One cannot by any means ignore Hygiene, though I admit, the hunt for hygiene makes many a chronic crank and worse dyspeptic.

We must take a broad view of this question and (5)  
above all follow nature and be sensible.

But take that good Christian Scientist, who rankly disbelieves in dietetics. Consider her ways and be wise.

She knows that All is Mind and that Mind is All. Being thus fortified by Understanding, she does not hesitate to shovel down into the basement an indiscriminate melange of most any old stuff: greens, beans, vegetables, chops, soups, pastry—O Heavens! what an ideal mess for the garbage can!

And then like the Loyal Lady she is, she goes up serenely into the drawing-room, reads a page of Science and Health and says over the Statement of Being, quite unconscious of the present state of it, imagining that Mind, God's Mind, will mow away the debris.

Surely it is God's Mind that permits her to escape and function on awhile within this mortal coil; and if colic, cramps, dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout and dropsy follow, she must not blame God for it.

Prof. Thomas Huxley says: "It may be worth while to point out that mere chemical analysis is, by itself, a very insufficient guide as to the usefulness and nutritive value of an article of food. A substance to be nutritious must not only contain some or other of the above food-stuffs [referring to tables], but contain them in an available, that is, digestible, form. A piece of beef-steak is far more nourishing than a quantity of pease-pudding containing even a larger proportion of proteid material, because the former is far more digestible than the latter; and a small piece of dry, hard cheese, though of high nutritive value as judged by mere chemical analysis, will not satisfy the more subtle criticism of the stomach."

Which goes to show that the *chef de la cuisine* down there knows more than science or conjecture.

I have been putting a number of questions to Nature for the last few years and have had some interesting responses from this oracle.

First, I find that it is not the actual food we eat that sustains life at all, but a certain element contained in it which I will call the Vital Spirit.

This element is universal. It is in every living thing, from the animalcula to the man.

Though in its essence it is the same everywhere yet it sensitively reflects or is tinged by its environment.

This reflected quality or tinging constitutes its impurity, which the Higher Mind has power to purge.

This spirit is taken in with our food—all food.

And now I will cite an oracle that I received some years ago and which I have followed up with most remarkable results.

When man has learned the art of extracting this Spirit from the various lives containing it and knows how to refine it to its highest possible state, he will have in his possession the fabled ambrosia and nectar of the Gods which is no less than the Elixir of Life.

(To be continued.)

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS

"Ah, wasteful woman! — she who may  
On her sweet self set her own price,  
Knowing he cannot but choose to pay,  
How has she cheapened Paradise!

How given for naught her priceless gift,  
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine;  
Which spent with due respective thrift,  
Had made brutes men, and men divine."

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

x

THE man or woman who does not believe in the equal rights of the sexes is morally incapacitated to become a true husband or a true wife.

Every matrimonial alliance begins as a republic but too often merges into a monarchy, if not into a despotism.

The interests that were to be so mutual in the lovey-dovey period grow apart "as the stern realities of life come on apace," so a man just writes me. Bosh! What but downright selfishness ever brings on these "stern realities" to divorce you from your wife's society and alienate you from her affectionate regard?

Now, I am not a woman's rights ranter. I see no moral objection to woman's going into politics to settle her share of life's woe, if she deem that method expeditious; but I have a better and far more effective home-remedy to propose. Even the men, with all their wiles and wirepullings, can rarely accomplish what they desire through the political machine. If women love to play at the game, it is as harmless as golf; and if they fondly imagine that by running up on election day and throwing a piece of waste paper in the box that they become IT, I have not the least objection in the world to their gratifying their penchant.

I am more than willing, even, that Willie should be thereby temporarily detained at home and take a turn at the babies, dishes, etc., in order to gain a much needed opportunity to recall the reminiscences of those long forgotten vows of mutual helpfulness and regard. But experience proves and common sense ought to indicate that this method of adjustment does not by any means remedy the evil sought to be remedied.

Why, Woman's Suffrage is nothing more than a *casus belli*, a public declaration that the two sexes are opposed to each other and have taken up arms to fight the matter out.

God help us laddie  
When the old 'uns take a turn!

I find that the leaders of this suffragist movement have the most to complain of in the apathy of their own sex. It is this very inherent apathy that has brought up the issue they are contesting.

Women have not moral stamina enough to refuse to become and to remain the slaves of men. From all over this land there is a sighing for freedom and a sobbing for release, but it is drowned in the wild laugh of abandonment or hushed by the allurements of home and happiness.

There are thousands of women who realize that they are miserable and who are ready on the first opportunity to accept anything for a change.

There are other thousands who, for reasons of pride and conventionality, conceal their dissatisfaction and openly maintain an appearance of things.

It is, I am sorry to say, the rarest thing in the



world to find two people married and living together perfectly happy. And when you do find such a case, what do you discover as the cause of it?

Perfect individual freedom of action, coupled with intelligent co-operation and mutual deference.

From a long and deep study of this problem, I ascribe all marital infelicity to this one thing, viz., The voluntary or enforced surrender of individuality. This happens more frequently on the part of the woman, but not by any means always. There are a great many more male slaves in this relation than the world has any idea of.

Now, I have a few suggestions to make relative to a method of reform. I do not expect my suggestions will be readily taken up.

It is like expecting the leopard to change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin; but this is the age of miracles, and such things might happen. Let marriage be more than a business contract sanctioned by church and state. Let it be a bond of pure friendship between Man and Woman. But now let it be considered that neither man nor woman is, at the present writing, an archangel, and that it is impossible to ignore human nature and things. Things are steps we mount to gain ideas. They are our playthings in the World nursery. Let every child have its own things so it won't be cross.

On the day before marriage, pool all moneys, bank stock, bonds and real estate, and with the sword of Solomon, divide the bulk in twain. The wife takes one half, the husband the other.

All moneys that are earned by either or both are to be thrown into a general fund (I use a small cigar box), and after the deduction of all expenses the residue is to be equally divided. No questions are to be asked as to how it is to be expended. Each is to be absolutely free to spend his or her share as desired.

If they mutually wish to invest their savings in home or business, sharing profits equally, well and good.

This is also a very provident arrangement, since, in case of a panic, there is likely to be one bank account in the family which can be used as a relief fund. But let the banker use due caution.

The common law recognizes this right of individual ownership in the settlement of all estates, and the woman is legally well protected, but socially it is by no means the working principle.

On the contrary, the wife is either the recipient of her husband's capricious generosity or she has a settled allowance. Sometimes it is ample, more often not.

The woman is expected to figure to run the house and clothe herself and children on the stipulated sum. When she finds she can just barely do it and have nothing left for luxury, she schemes in a hundred ways to earn a little pin money. How she loves those few cents made by embroidery or teaching, because this money is all her own, and she feels free to spend it. Poor creature! she is just revelling in a little ray of the true sunshine of individualism.

What, I ask, is she getting anyway by all this sweeping and scrubbing, this baking and brewing, this mending and darning and endless toil? Just her board and clothes. How is she better off than the kitchen maid? But she is willing to take this position, God bless her, and is content if she gets so much as her husband's cheering word, and his expression of satisfaction.

When this goes (may the Lord have mercy on such a man) her life becomes a dreary waste, and her yoke of bondage cuts deeper day by day.

There are lots of men who are very generous in spending money on their wives, loading them down with jewels and dresses, who are perfect tyrants and dictators when it comes to the way in which she shall spend her own money.

I have had a number of lady pupils, the wives of wealthy men, who studied on the sly and actually stole the money out of their allowance to pay for their lessons, just because they did not dare tell their husbands what they were doing.

And these men who would swear inhumanely at their wives for attempting to perfect themselves in Music, Art or any intellectual accomplishment spent from two to five dollars a day on cigars and whisky, often run up against a quiet game that knocked them short a hundred or more, bet on all elections and horse-races, in fact were typical *free men*! But here I have a thousand men on my back vociferating and calling me all sorts of names, and declaring that I am abusing their rights. "How, they exclaim, can a woman share in the profits of a business when a man makes all the money?" Poor, overworked man! How you are to be pitied! What is this business you talk about? Look at that wife who has borne you a child. Would you go through that ordeal for all you possess? When you are figuring on how much a woman is worth consider what she is to you.

Is there any money that could buy that little son or daughter from you? Is there really any money that can repay love and devotion?

Do not call this sentiment, it is sense. These things cannot be measured by money. They are mutual blessings or they are no blessings.

The true man, and the successful man, is he who not only allows his wife an equal share in the income, but who courts her co-operation in every line of his thought and business. If they cannot be thus mutually interested they have no business to be associated. I am aware that there are many women who are physically and mentally too indolent to take such an interest. They marry for a home and a support and have no higher desire than to dress and make a show in society; but such only help to prove my proposition. They get what they seek—and a few extras. It is not to these but to that higher class of thinking men and women who feel that there must be a truth hidden somewhere in matrimony which they have failed as yet to find or to express perfectly, who desire above all things to know the truth that sets them free—to these I am speaking thus earnestly.

A man has written me, "We have been married six years and we are still sweethearts." Now, that is ideal! Be and remain sweethearts forever. Let not the hideous face of selfishness or lust ever peep in at the window of your sacred little bower of love. Give all to each, but that will mean that each will be as the other, a free individual.

Equilibrium can only be established through equality. Thus, and only thus, can Man and Woman, the divine pair, the living Elohim, hope to be raised to higher planes of realization and happiness.

The articulate Word and the Voice were believed by the Egyptians to be the most potent of creative forces, not remaining immaterial on issuing from the lips, but thickening, so to speak, into tangible substances.—Maspero.

## THE DIVINE SYMBOLS

The first course of ten lessons is now completed and a limited number are placed on sale. See notice on last page.

I am now preparing as a supplement to this a course of lessons in Practical Alchemy.

The first course is devoted wholly to Man, his constitution and inherent potencies, pointing out the higher means at disposal for his individual development.

The second course will be devoted to Nature wherein we shall seek to discover the true origin of the vital principle itself, at the same time showing how it may be utilized by the skill of man to perpetuate human life at will.

The students' class now numbers nearly one hundred and this number cannot be greatly increased. This work is one which I cannot delegate to another or even superintend. I have to do it all personally.

It gives me great pleasure to receive such letters as the following from a student of long standing. It shows something in the student as well as in the teaching:

"My dear teacher:—In one short year you have revolutionized my life, ideas and vista, and for the joy of the present and the earthly glory of the future I have only to thank you.

"Speed away, speed away on your errand of light  
To souls that are ignorant of re-generate life."

The space of this entire Journal would not begin to print the commendatory words received.

Any one desiring to join this class, please write for particulars.

Onomastic Character Readings, \$3.00. Send full name and date of birth, also parents' names.

Those Mento-Music Lessons for Piano and Voice have been going like hotcakes. Only about half a dozen copies are left at this writing. They are fifty cents each, Voice or Piano.

I am using the "Blue Pencil" to make you remember. If you wish the Journal continued, please notify me to that effect.

If a mistake occurs in checking off, it is one on the book keeper. Write me and will cheerfully straighten it out.

All issues of ADIRAMLED previous to November have disappeared from view, and cannot be duplicated.

The same is likely to occur with all future issues. Subscribe from date, and be sure of a complete file of this unique publication.

Sample copies of this Journal will be furnished for 10 cents, as long as they last. No free samples.

According to a new postal ruling, the writing of a single word on a package subjects it to letter postage. Don't forget this in mailing Christmas presents.

DO NOT address me by any fancy names. One or two letters have gone astray just on this account. The post office people do not know any person connected with this office by the name of Ida Delmar. Neither do I.

The Temple of the Rosy Cross, by F. B. Dowd, 12 mo. cloth, gilt top, 324 pp; price \$2.00. Eulian Pub. Co. Salem, Mass.

This is the fourth edition of this very masterly work, which appears enlarged by several new chapters.

It is a work that will be read with great interest by all classes of mental scientists, particularly those who are reaching out to grasp the great truth behind the veil.

Not that the work reveals this truth by any open verbal statement—no hermetic work does or ever can do this.

This truth must come to each by unfoldment in the silence; but such books as this of Mr. Dowd's stimulate the dormant mentality and hasten the awakening.

The Psychic and Psychism, by A. C. Halpahide. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt top 228 pages, price \$1.00. The Author's Publishing Co. 3217 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

This is undoubtedly the best treatise on Psychic phenomena that has appeared. It is not a compilation of dry details and unproven theories but a living experience, lucidly and logically presented.

Extended research; broad education, and fine powers of expression have combined to enable the author who is one of our foremost thinkers and practitioners, to make this a work of exceptional interest and value to all.

NOTICE:—I have moved again. I trust this will be final. My permanent address, after Dec. 15 is 2270 Broadway, New York City.

Man can be either the football of fate or the dominant of destiny.—Adiramled.

The destiny of man is to make or create himself; he is and he will be, the son of his works, both for time and eternity; all men are called on to compete, but the number of the elect—that is, of those who succeed—is invariably small. In other words, the men who are desirous to attain are numbered by the multi-tudes, but the chosen are few.—Eliphas Levi.

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